# THE WORLD.

NUMBER CC.

By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

*To be continued every* THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *October* the 28th, 1756.

Δεινόν τι τὸ μηχανᾶσθαι
Τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ', ἔχων. SOPH.

*Stabant et Parii lapides, ſpirantia ſigna.* VIRG.

I AM indebted to a very ingenious correſpondent at Cambridge for the following ode, which in juſtice to it's merit, and for the entertainment of thoſe of my readers who have a true taſte for poetical compoſition, I have taken the firſt opportunity to make public.

AN

# AN ODE ON SCULPTURE.

*LED by the muſe, my ſtep pervades*
*The ſacred haunts, the peaceful ſhades,*
*Where* ART *and* SCULPTURE *reign:*
*I ſee, I ſee, at their command,*
*The living ſtones in order ſtand,*
*And marble breathe through ev'ry vein!*
TIME *breaks his hoſtile ſcythe; he ſighs*
*To find his pow'r malignant fled;*
*"And what avails my dart, he cries,*
*"Since theſe can animate the dead?*
*"Since wak'd to mimic life, again in ſtone*
*"The patriot ſeems to ſpeak, the heroe frown?"*

*There* VIRTUE'S *ſilent train are ſeen,*
*Faſt fix'd their looks, erect their mien.*
*Lo! while, with more than ſtoic ſoul,*
*The* * ATTIC SAGE *exhauſts the bowl,*
*A pale ſuffuſion ſhades his eyes,*
*Till by degrees the marble dies.*

*See*

* Socrates, who was condemned to die by poiſon.

*See there the injur'd* † POET *bleed!*
*Ah! ſee he droops his languid head!*
*What ſtarting nerves, what dying pain,*
*What horror freezes ev'ry vein!*
*Theſe are thy works, O* SCULPTURE! *thine to ſhew*
*In rugged rock a feeling ſenſe of woe.*

*Yet not alone ſuch themes demand*
*The* PHYDIAN *ſtroke, the* DÆDAL *hand;*
*I view with melting eyes*
*A ſofter ſcene of grief diſplay'd,*
*While from her breaſt the duteous maid*
*Her* INFANT SIRE *with food ſupplies.*
*In pitying ſtone ſhe weeps, to ſee*
*His ſqualid hair, and galling chains;*
*And trembling, on her bended knee,*
*His hoary head her hand ſuſtains;*
*While ev'ry look, and ſorrowing feature prove,*
*How ſoft her breaſt, how great her filial love.*

*Lo! there the wild* ‡ ASSYRIAN QUEEN,
*With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien!*
*Revenge!*

† Seneca, born at Corduba, who according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philoſopher. He bled to death in the Bath.

‡ Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis ſui occupatæ nunciatum eſſet Babylonem defeciſſe; alterâ parte crinium adhuc ſolutâ protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit; nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in poteſtatem ſuam redegit: quocircà ſtatua ejus Babylone poſita eſt &c. Val. Max. de Ira.

*Revenge! revenge! the marble cries,*
*While fury ſparkles in her eyes.*
*Thus was her awful form beheld,*
*When* BABYLON's *proud ſons rebell'd;*
*She left the woman's vainer care,*
*And flew with looſe diſhevell'd hair;*
*She ſtretch'd her hand, imbru'd in blood,*
*While pale ſedition trembling ſtood;*
*In ſudden ſilence, the mad croud obey'd*
*Her awful voice, and Stygian diſcord fled!*

*With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,*
*The marble leaps, or ſhrinks, or burns,*
*As* SCULPTURE *waves her hand:*
*The varying paſſions of the mind,*
*Her faithful handmaids are aſſign'd,*
*And riſe or fall by her command.*
*When now life's waſted lamps expire,*
*When ſinks to duſt this mortal frame,*
*She, like* PROMETHEUS, *graſps the fire;*
*Her touch revives the lambent flame;*
*While, Phœnix-like, the ſtateſman, bard, or ſage,*
*Spring freſh to life, and breathe through ev'ry age.*

*Hence, where the organ full and clear,*
*With loud hoſannas charms the ear,*

*Behold*

*Behold (a priſm within his hands)*
*Abſorb'd in thought, great* *NEWTON *ſtands!*
*Such was his ſolemn, wonted ſtate,*
*His ſerious brow, and muſing gait,*
*When, taught on eagle-wings to fly,*
*He trac'd the wonders of the ſky;*
*The chambers of the ſun explor'd,*
*Where tints of thouſand hues are ſtor'd;*
*Whence ev'ry flow'r in painted robes is dreſt,*
*And varying* IRIS *ſteals her gaudy veſt.*

*Here, as* DEVOTION, *heav'nly queen,*
*Conducts her beſt, her fav'rite train,*
*At* NEWTON'S *ſhrine they bow;*
*And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,*
*With* VIRTUE'S *pureſt veſtal rays,*
*Behold their ardent boſoms glow!*
*Hail, mighty mind! Hail, awful name!*
*I feel inſpir'd my lab'ring Breaſt;*
*And lo! I pant, I burn for fame!*
*Come,* SCIENCE, *bright ethereal gueſt,*
*Oh come, and lead thy meaneſt, humbleſt ſon,*
*Through* WISDOM'S *arduous paths, to fair renown!*

*Could I to one faint ray aſpire,*
*One ſpark of that celeſtial fire,*

*The*

* A noble ſtatue of Sir Iſaac Newton, erected in Trinity-college chapel, by doctor Smith.